

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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## A LAST BREACH OF CONFIDENCE.

I STATED at the beginning of these papers that I was not a sporting character. The 'state of the odds' and their fluctuations are to me perfectly incomprehensible: indeed, looking at the thing practically, the chance of a race appears such a vague, uncertain juggle, that no love of horse-flesh would ever induce me to risk a shilling on it. And as far as the excitement goes, a number of coloured balls rolling down hill would give me greater satisfaction; because I should believe that, as far as the sport went, it was all as fair for one as for the other.

Not that I object to go to the races. On the contrary, I always enjoy myself exceedingly when the great annual festivals come round. The journey thither; the numbers of people you meet all pleasantly tempered, smartly dressed, and out for a holiday; the general life and bustle; the odd phases of character encountered; the luncheons, gossipings, and flirtations, are all really very agreeable. I regard the racing itself merely as something necessary to bring these things about: but whether Peewit wins the Great Banbury Handicap, or Kittums beats Old Pleasant for the Members' Plate, I must confess I have little concern. And so I pass an agreeable day: not winning any money to be sure, but, what I consider far more agreeable, not losing any.

Yet there must be a marvellous number of individuals deeply interested in the turf, or we should never see so many baits put forward to entrap them as there are at this present time. The diffusion of the mania is of very recent origin. It commenced with the Derby Sweeps. These were lotteries, in which various sums were invested, the names of horses drawn by lot, and the total amount awarded to the holder of the winner after the race. They diffused a terrible spirit of gambling. There was nothing unfair in them, for they were mostly started at acknowledged public-houses and taverns, but they led people to spend more than they could afford. If they lost, they were perhaps driven to expedients to cover the outgoing; and if they won, they did not know how to bear the sudden, idle acquisition of a large sum, and got alike into difficulties. We had a servant who gained two hundred pounds in this way. He thought immediately that he would open a small public-house. This he did, and took to drinking his own beer so immoderately, that he got his leg broken by a kick in a drunken squabble, and died of *delirium tremens* within three months. An acquisition is not always an advantage. We knew a family who were ruined by winning a huge Twelfth-Cake in a raffle. They were not at the time in good circumstances, but they thought they must give a party in honour of their cake. A great many people came; a great many candles were lighted; a great many bottles of

wine were drunk; and the expenditure of this evening, small in itself, was the last feather that broke the back of the family.

But to return to the sporting lotteries. After a while, the sweeps were put down by law; but it appeared that these affairs had been so lucrative to the getters-up of them, that they invented all sorts of tricks to evade the legislature—such as publishing portraits of the horses at nominal prices, opening betting lists, and all kinds of wonderful schemes to ride through the act of parliament. This species of gambling, as with others, was attractive. It must have been, or else the *entrepreneurs* could never have afforded to pay for their long advertisements. The mania spread; and last of all came the 'prophets,' whose lures form the most curious phase in the advertisements of the present day. Amongst a few of these gentlemen we have been finding a little amusement, which we wish our readers to partake in.

We were first struck by the extraordinary style of composition their advertisements displayed. They called their secret, which professed to reveal for a certain sum of money, a 'tip' or 'pick'; and they all professed certain knowledge of the winners. From their addresses, the slang terms, the doubtful grammar, and the odd confusion of the first and third person in their sentences, they had evidently but small pretensions to education. But their stilted phraseology was the drollest feature of their advertisements. One would assure his customers that 'the Christmas log would sparkle brightly round many a hearth made festive by his advice'; and another told them that, 'long before the gray winter's dawn had ushered in the new year, he had sent the name of *Voltegeur* to happy hundreds!' and that, after the Derby, 'his heart throbbled with pride and glory as he saw that thousands were in possession of a fortune by following his advice.'

Another remarkable feature in these advertisements was, that the week after the race, whatever it might be, the prophets always congratulated their customers upon having received the right horse. This looked very wonderful; and so, for our own satisfaction, we waited until the Goodwood Cup was coming on, and then wrote to one or two of the prophets for their advice. Their fee varied from five shillings to one; but conceiving that each was of equal value, we chose the latter.

This was the first advertisement to which we replied:—

—'A TIP for the GOODWOOD MEETING now ready for 5s. Stakes and Cup certainties (different horses), any single event one shilling, or five for the whole. Back the horses the stable backs, and win your money.—Address, by letter only.

In a day or two came the reply, vilely written, and thus worded:—

'Sir—Windischgratz is for the "cup" a certainty, bar accidents and is really meant!!!!'

Yours resply, B. N.

'Canezou }  
 Official } 2nd and 3rd worth backing for.  
 'The favour of your recommendation is resply solicited.

'Back Windischgratz for the double event.'

This was not sufficient to convince us, so we looked out for another, who thus promised us a fortune:—

—'s TIP for the GOODWOOD STAKES and CUP are certainties, bar accidents. Send for them if you wish to win money. His friends will have splendid pickings at Goodwood. He promises them they will win enough to stand many a shock afterwards. Single events, 1s., and stamp; a marked list, 5s.

In two days a little scrap of paper was returned, and on it was written, evidently in a female hand—

'Dr Sir,  
 Goodwood Cup. Cossack.  
 Yours

We were still in doubt, for the prophets had sent different horses; so we tried to see if two out of three would give us a majority on any one in particular, and took the following recommendation, which was the next advertisement, and was headed 'Nimrod Eclipsed':—

— having been extraordinarily successful hitherto, now offers his certainties for the Goodwood Stakes and Cup, St Leger, Ebor Handicap, Cesarewitch, and Cambridgehire, 1s. each event. His subscribers will hear from him on Sunday, with all the latest information. His Derby horse can be had for 5s. — begs to inform the public that he cannot send more than one letter for 1s. Those persons wishing to have the tip and a second letter before the races notifying any change, &c. which sometimes proves of incalculable value, can have such second letter by forwarding 1s. 6d. instead of 1s. Those gentlemen forwarding 1s. can only have one communication.

This brought back a printed paper, urging 'his friends' to subscribe to the lists, with the following ingenuous avowal:—

'His friends must be aware that it will not be of pecuniary benefit to him, as the number of communications for one subscription will be very far under the shilling; in fact probably under sixpence.—He only wishes his friends to win; and if first-rate information and untiring assiduity together with no little outlay, can accomplish it, they may rely upon turning in the needful.'

And under this was written—

'Sir,  
 My advice for the Cup is Canezou, Chanticleer, Pitsford,  
 Yours

Here were three fresh names, and we were getting more confused than ever! We therefore wrote to some more. It is unnecessary to give the advertisements and the answers in detail, for there is very little about them that is interesting. It will suffice to state, that the name of almost every horse in the 'state of the odds' arrived in turn; and that when the important struggle arrived, Canezou was proclaimed the winner. This horse had been mentioned in the third letter, and hinted at in the first it is true; but our impression was, that the prophets sent a different horse to everybody, so that they were certain to be right in one instance. Whether this was the case or otherwise, they all came out on the following Saturday with their congratulations to their friends upon having sent them the winning horse—'cheering the toils of the poor man;' 'leading the liberal sportsman to well-earned prosperity;' 'guiding them to the harbour of affluence through the perilous billows of turf speculation;' with other pleasant things. One of them, however, appeared to have got into some discredit with his followers, as he added—

'A word on passant about his selection for the Brighton stakes, — emphatically begs to state that what you all had was one of the best things of the season; it could have won by lengths, and was on the downs ready to run and win, but for certain reasons was not allowed to start—much to the regret of the writer, who knew good money was on.'

With all these promises of fortune, one truth appears to be lost sight of by the speculators—that where a large sum of money is won, a corresponding amount must be lost. Sovereigns do not grow up from the earth to be gathered like buttercups; nor does the physical formation of the race-course resemble California. If you gain five pounds, be sure that they have come out of somebody else's pocket; and that you were just as likely to have been that somebody as anybody besides. If all the prophets told the truth, there would be no losers; and then how would 'the poor man's' hearth be brightened by the sun of prosperity?

Somewhat tired of the prophets, we next turned to a few attractive advertisements, which promised small incomes by the teaching of certain arts and mysteries whereby moderate competencies could be secured. It was certainly our own fault if at last we did not get rich, for the outlay in most cases was not great. Thirty postage-stamps were sufficient to procure the necessary information from the benevolent artists, who were usually females, to judge from the address.

The first road to wealth pointed out to us was by stencilling leaves on rustic tables. You were to take an ivy leaf, place it flat on some stout card-board, trace round its edges, and then cut out the pattern thus obtained. Next, having your table, or seat, or flower-stand painted green, you procured a darker shade of paint, and placing your pattern where you wished the leaf to be, you stencilled it through the card-board. This was all. The process was simple, and the result moderately picturesque, but we mistrusted the competency promised to us by exercising it. The artist's ideas of a fortune were evidently as modest as they were sanguine.

The second golden secret—'whereby many had, during the last year or two, realised considerable sums'—so ran the advertisement—was even less promising, had any one placed his entire hope of ultimate independence on its results. It was a woodcut engraving of a crochet mat, with some bewildering and enigmatical directions for producing it appended. It was curious to speculate as to what new social fashion had caused so great a demand for these mats as to raise their makers to ease and affluence. Disbelieving in crochet entirely—conceiving it to be as utterly ineffective and dust-collecting as it is useless, and in the case of anti-macassars, music-stool covers, and cushion-skins, excessively irritating and offensive, we are not perhaps to be considered as an unbiassed judge of its value or popularity. But yet we cling stoutly to our notion, that the mat in question was a vague thing to trust to for ultimate wealth.

Two more answers bore on the fine arts. One was a prospectus of 'Arabian painting'; and an apple, more brightly green than any tint that ever bore its name, limned on a perforated card, was sent as a specimen. The other was a recipe for 'japan work,' 'whereby portfolios, tables, card trays, &c. could be made, &c.' under very advantageous circumstances indeed. But these were equally feeble. They were specimens of that class of industry which flourishes in London in the Soho quarters of the town, where many struggling professors of feeble painting and unnecessary fancy-work undergo years of toil in producing articles which can never, under any circumstances, be of the slightest use to anybody either in or out of society.

The last of these communications that we received was what the language of Young England terms 'a sell.' In an envelop, written in a neat female hand, we read, 'Never think of spending a shilling until you have got it, and then contrive to make sixpence do as well! This was not a great deal to receive for thirty postage-stamps to be sure; but really we think it was more

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valuable than either the Arabian painting or the japan work, the crochet mat or the stencilled ivy leaves.

To one advertisement that we applied to we never received an answer. It was in a provincial paper, and ran as follows:—

**MATRIMONY MADE EASY; OR HOW TO WIN A LOVER.**  
—PROFESSOR —, LONDON, will send free to any address, on receipt of Thirteen uncut Postage Stamps, PLAIN DIRECTIONS to enable Ladies or Gentlemen to win the devoted affections of as many of the opposite sex as their hearts may desire. The process is simple, but so captivating and enthralling, that all may be Married, irrespective of age, appearance, or position, whilst the most fickle or cold-hearted will readily bow to its attraction; young and old, peer and peasant, as well as the peasant, are alike subject to its influence; and last, though not least, it can be arranged with such ease and delicacy, that detection is impossible.

N. B.—Beware of Ignorant and Imitating Pretenders.

We heard afterwards of we dare not say how many letters having been returned to the post-office in consequence of the professor not being at his post. Not learning this secret has distressed us more than we can well depict. We would have given up all the others for it.

Even whilst these papers have been in course of compilation, a young medical friend has informed us of a speculation of his own in the advertising line, to test the credulity of the public. In a penny weekly periodical he announced a lotion to cure spots on the face and neck, and copied the prescription from a work on the skin by one of our first professors of cutaneous pathology. He paid thirteen shillings for the advertisement, and it took its place amongst hair-dyes, cures for rheumatism, and other deceptive baits. It was only inserted once, and he had forty answers, and each enclosed a dozen stamps. The matter was for a wager, and the surplus was put into the poor-box of the — Hospital, about a fortnight ago, and signed 'The offering of a few land-gulls.'

Seriously, the faith placed by the public in these various swindles—for they are no better—is matter for lamentation. Exposure alone can defeat them; and if, from the study of this and the foregoing papers, the belief of any of our readers in matrimonial advertisements, professors of graphology, racing prophets, and teachers of wealth-bringing secrets, should be shaken, a little higher end will have been attained than the mere amusement which, we hope, may have resulted, in a small degree, from their perusal. A. S.

## POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

### THE GLACIAL THEORY.

THE snow which falls on mountains above the point at which the temperature suffices to melt it, gathers, as is well known, in a deep bed, preserving a character which may be described as something between snow and ice. This stuff, called in the Swiss Alps *névé*, descends the mountain sides wherever it finds a convenient outlet, till, reaching a level where the temperature is higher, it melts away. A stream of *névé*, or imperfect ice, pouring down some long-descending hollow in the mountain side is called in Switzerland a *glacier*. It is a fearful and a beautiful sight to stand on the brink of one of these ice-rivers, which you know is constantly moving, though so slowly as to be imperceptible, to see its rugged splintery surface glittering in the sun's beams, to hear its subdued cracking sounds and the trinkle of the rills which traverse it during the heat of the day—a tremendous mechanical engine of nature, irresistible within its own domain, but so defined in its range of power, that the peasant rears his cot and cultivates his garden within a few yards of its termination, confident that thus far may it come, but no farther.

As the glacier passes down the defiles of the parent mountain, it smoothes away all the prominences in its course, and reduces its rocky channel to a perfectly polished state. Meanwhile masses of rock, great and small, fall upon it from the bare pinnacles above, and either rest on its surface or become incorporated with it.

All along its sides, and at its termination, you see high mounds of rubbishy matter, including large blocks of stone, which it has formed out of the materials collected by it in its course, or which have been forced away by it from the ground it has passed over. These are called *moraines*. A glacier might thus be likened to a graver going deeply and forcibly through a rough surface of stone, leaving a perfectly smooth channel, and throwing up a ridge of broken-off particles on each side of its course. It is, however, something more than all this, for the stones with which it is charged are also brought into action, so as to produce deep cuts or striae in the solid rock underneath—much like the diamond set in a slip of wood by the glazier for the purpose of cutting glass. Thus there is at once a polishing or smoothing, and a striating effect, from glaciers. It is to be remarked that these effects are quite peculiar and characteristic, and there is no other known power in nature by which precisely the same polishing and the same striation can be produced.

When this is kept in mind, it may be imagined with what surprise the scientific men of Europe learned about fourteen years ago, from the writings of two Swiss philosophers, that surfaces so marked were observed in the Swiss valleys far beyond any point which the glaciers can now reach. For example, the glaciers descending from the north side of Mont Blanc now terminate, and for ages have terminated, just as they come into the great valley of the Arve. But so far down this valley as Servoz, the sides of the hills for a good way up are observed to be smoothed and striated. This shows that all these glaciers had once combined to form a larger one, which passed down the valley, at least as far as Servoz. Such an effect could only take place under a lower temperature than what now prevails. On the temperature being raised, the great glacier had shrunk up, leaving only its tributaries to pour into the main valley, as we now see them. We even find the memorials of an intermediate set of circumstances, for above the place where the celebrated Glacier des Bois comes in, there is a barrier of blocks crossing the main valley, which can only be interpreted into the anciently-extended moraine on the upper side of the glacier, when it was large enough to cross the valley and abut against the opposite mountains. We see, then, the following series of facts:—1. A main glacier in the valley of the Arve, fed by smaller glaciers from the north side of Mont Blanc and the neighbouring high grounds; 2. The minor glaciers only pouring into and across the main valley; 3. And finally, what we now observe, these glaciers only entering the main valley, but not crossing it. The ancient moraine here spoken of has at one time formed a dam, so as to gather the waters of the valley for a few miles upward into a lake. It has since been broken down, so as to let the waters out; but we may yet trace three terraces along the valley sides, clear indications of a series of levels at which this lake stood while the dam continued to exist at various elevations.

It was not difficult to imagine an ancient temperature so low as to cause glaciers to descend to Servoz, or even lower; but in a little time observations of a more startling nature were made. It was discovered that there were marks of glacial action on faces of the Swiss mountains 1500 feet and more above the bottoms of the neighbouring valleys. In the valley of the Rhone, below Martigny, and also below St Maurice, ranges of blocks of huge size were found many hundred feet up the mountain sides, apparently the remnants of a moraine which had been formed there by a most voluminous and profound glacier filling up the valley to that height, for they were of kinds of rock found in the mountains towards the head of the valley, and they lay in a zone-like fashion, as might be expected of them if they had been deposited in that particular manner. Nay, even on the other side of the great basin of Switzerland, the faces of the Jura mountains were found polished and grooved, exactly as is done by ice, to a height not much short of 3000 feet above the sea, while



here also lay huge travelled blocks of Alpine rock (the Pierre-a-bot, a notable example), as if the Rhone glacier had crossed to this place with its magnificent burthen. It was hardly possible to imagine such a thing; but it was at least manifest that ice had *somehow* been at work for the smoothing of the mountains above Neufchatel, and that it had in *some way* been the carrying agent by which the blocks had travelled so far from their original seat.

It was now remembered that appearances resembling those attributed to ancient ice had long been under the observation of the scientific men of Sweden and Norway. In most districts of those countries, the rocky surface of the ground, wherever it was exposed, excepting only on the highest mountains, was found to be worn down into flat and rounded forms, and often with striae freshly marked. This was particularly the case on eminences exposed to the north and west, while the opposite sides remained comparatively rough. The notion of the Scandinavian philosophers was, that a tremendous deluge had set in upon the country in ancient times, carrying stones and mud along with it, and that by these means the country had been worn down and striated in the manner now seen. When ice was suggested as an agent more likely to have produced the effects, the idea was grasped at by many; but still a great difficulty remained, in the necessity of explaining how ice could pass over so vast an extent of country, not formed like the descending valleys, where alone glaciers now reside, but open, and presenting every variety of surface.

General attention being now attracted to the subject, various English geologists, and particularly Dr Buckland and Mr (now Sir Charles) Lyell, set themselves to search for traces of ancient glacial action in the British islands. Some smoothed and grooved surfaces which Sir James Hall had found on the Corstorphine Hill, near Edinburgh, and attributed to floods, were now fixed upon as memorials of the former presence of ice. A few other surfaces resembling those smoothed by glaciers were discovered; but the chief objects fastened upon by Dr Buckland were certain masses of gravel and sand which are liberally interspersed throughout the Scottish mountain valleys, and which he believed to be remnants of ancient moraines, though in reality they are clearly attributable to the operations of rivulets at a time when the sea filled the main valleys in the form of estuaries. Some allowance, however, ought to be made for the zeal of scientific men at the first outburst of any new discovery. There is always a disposition to ascribe hitherto unexplained phenomena to the new cause, and it is not till comparatively cool times that we can distinctly discern the limits beyond which it is improper to go.

The transatlantic geologists were more successful in their researches, and it is now pretty generally acknowledged that the entire surface of North America, as far south as Florida, and even on grounds 3000 feet above the sea, has been subjected to the action of ice. The appearances are particularly conspicuous around Lake Superior, the line of grooving and cutting being generally from the north or north-west.

Professor Agassiz of Neufchatel, in order to account for the wide prevalence of glacial action in the northern hemisphere, started a theory which for a while met with some favour. He suggested that at a particular period, owing to an unusual depression of temperature, the circumpolar ice extended much farther to the south than it now does. There was, in fact, a cap of ice on the northern hemisphere, reaching to a point far within the limits of the present temperate zone. The glaciers, he said, move by a process of dilatation dependent on the expansion of water when it takes the form of ice. There are chinks in all glaciers; the water melted during the day by the sun's rays trickles into these chinks; at night, when the influence of the sun is withdrawn, the water freezes—consequently expands; hence the movement of the glacier. He supposed that in this way the ancient circumpolar ice was urged athwart Europe and America, grinding down the entire surface, and

leaving the appearances which we now see. But this theory did not stand long. Professor James Forbes of Edinburgh devoted himself to a most careful study of the movement of glaciers, and by a series of ingeniously-contrived experiments, completely ascertained that they move by the force of gravitation. A glacier is simply a river of plastic matter, rushing downhill as fast as its tenacity and the friction it encounters will permit, and no faster. It thus became evident that, were there a cap of ice over the northern hemisphere, it would not move so as to produce the observed appearances, because it would not have the requisite of a downhill course. An inclination of at least 3 degrees is necessary for its motion.

The glacial theory has therefore stood for some years at an awkward point, or rather has been in a great measure given up. Men have rather inclined to doubt the fact of the appearances than to rest in a state of inability to account for them. We must, however, reassert these appearances to be a most remarkable superficial feature of our globe, however difficult it may be to understand their origin.

Perhaps no one, without travelling over Sweden and Norway, could form any approach to a right idea of the phenomena as they are actually presented. The worn, rounded, and polished surface is so prevalent, that one comes to regard anything else as an exception. On actually seeing it, all preconceptions of easy ways of accounting for it are found to be too weak to stand for a moment. Ice has been there beyond a doubt, because it is impossible to detect the slightest distinction between a well-preserved piece of surface and what you see close beside an Alpine glacier at this day. The ice has not been carried in any light, or trivial, or occasional way over the surface of the country—as it might be, for instance, by icebergs: it has clearly been a *sheet of ice*, moving over the ground in the same close, hugging, equally pressing manner that we see in existing glaciers. It has moved over a wide extent of country at once, preserving one general direction, rarely admitting of any deviation, indifferent to minor inequalities of all kinds, capable of ascending hills several hundred feet high; passing, in short, over the hill and dale of an undulating country in one straight course. In the Christiania Fiord this course is south-westerly; on the shore of the Gulf of Bothnia it is south-easterly; on the shores of the Icy Sea it is north-easterly. In Northern Norway it more generally follows the line of the valleys, perhaps because the valleys are there deeper. Remains of an immense quantity of rubbish, which it has transported along with it, are spread over the lower grounds of Sweden, all but bearing the manifest traces of a subsequent washing in an unfrozen sea. Much of this rubbish has been rearranged by that element in long ridges, called *ösar*, some of which extend for hundreds of miles through the country, regardless of the diverse lines of lakes and rivers which they cross in their course.

We shall endeavour to bring these glacial memorials before the mind of the reader by describing them as they appear in a limited district of Scotland. The object here primarily is to show that such things really are—that they are no delusion of some casual observer, but a great and wonderful reality, which rests for the present in need of an explanation.

The valley of the Firth of Forth, besides the estuary itself, comprehends a plain of about fifty miles in length, and from eight to twenty in breadth, flanked on the south by the Pentland and Lammermuir Hills. From the general undulating level of this plain start up a few ranges of small hills and isolated eminences, on one of the latter of which the Castle and Old Town of Edinburgh are situated. The direction of the general valley is between a point south of west and a point north of east. In this fact by itself there is of course nothing remarkable. But, what is very striking, it is a rule among the smaller hills which variegates the plain, that, long and narrow in form, they lie in precisely the direc-

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tion of the general valley. The long hollows between the hills *observe the same direction*. Another general feature of these hills is, that they are bold and abrupt towards the west, but slope away towards the east, melting in that direction into the general plain. On their north and south sides they are all perfectly smooth.

The Corstorphine Hill, near Edinburgh, is in some features exceptive. It consists of an upturned piece of a stratum of trap, having its cliffy face to the east, and dipping away at a low angle to the west. There are, however, in the crest of this hill three or four clefts or transverse valleys, lying in a line directed precisely to a point north of east. In the low country to the eastward there is a trough or dry valley running along from each of these clefts in *precisely the same direction*. On the western slope of the hill, the trap, wherever exposed—and it is so over whole roods of space, besides being smoothed down into rounded and flat surfaces—is full of grooves from several inches to a foot in depth, and *all observing exactly the same direction as the hills and valleys*.

The general surface of the plain country is so much covered over with formations of clay, gravel, and soil, as to be much masked; but there are several places where the rock is ordinarily exposed. It is invariably in these places found smoothed down into flat or rounded surfaces, usually somewhat weathered, but in many situations retaining the original polish, and even showing certain striæ and groovings. We have here only the remains of an original aspect of things. What that was, is shown whenever there happens to be an uncovering of a portion of the rock surface heretofore concealed under clay. Such an exposure was made a few years ago on a shoulder of Arthur's Seat, nearly 400 feet above the sea. Another has lately been made in a valley of the Pentland Hills, 200 feet higher. A third has more recently been made at the North British Railway works, on the northern base of Arthur's Seat. In these instances we see the porphyry brought to a glassy polish, evidently by some mechanical agent externally applied. That polished surface is full of long scratches or striæ, the whole bearing, in short, precisely the appearance of those rocks over which glaciers are passing at this day in the Alps. And, strange to say, these striæ seldom diverge, and never but in a very slight degree, from one direction, and that is to a point north of east, being the direction of the groovings on the Corstorphine Hill, that of the minor hills and valleys, and that of the general valley itself. Such markings are seen in many places between the Pentland Hills on the south and the Fife Hills on the north, and even over and beyond those hills, and always observing a uniformity of direction—clear proof of their having been produced by some agent which comprehended the whole space at once. If this agent was ice—and the identity of the appearances with those produced by existing glaciers leaves no doubt on that score—then it must have been a current of that material many hundreds of feet deep; not an aggregation of loose masses, but one pretty compact volume. It is an idea difficult to form; but there seems to be no escape from it.

During the last few years Mr Charles Maclaren, Mr David Milne, Professor Fleming, and other observers, have pointed out different places in Scotland and the north of England, generally in valleys or the sides of hills, where the rock, when uncovered, presents the same appearances. In the valley, for example, of the Gare Loch, opposite to Greenock, the whole surface is smoothed and striated, from the top of the hills, 600 feet above the sea, down to a point below its surface. Several of the Highland valleys, as far north as Caithness, are so marked. It would appear that one great ice-stream has passed through the valley between the Firth of Clyde and the Forth; another down the upper part of the Forth valley; and these two meeting at the extremity of the Campsie Hills, have formed the grand current which has been spoken of as passing

between the Fife Hills and the Pentlands. The direction of these various ice-streams is usually from the north or west; but sometimes it is from the eastward. There is also a group of mountains in the island of Skye where the lines of smoothing clearly radiate from a centre in the high ground, exactly as is the case in modern glaciers, though perennial snow has long ceased to exist in that district. The author of the present article lately, in a paper read before the British Association at Edinburgh, laid down the proposition that the northern portion of our island is precisely in the same general condition with respect to ancient ice as Sweden and Norway, which he had visited in the preceding year. The only difference is in the greater masking of the surface of Scotland by superficial clays and gravels; but wherever the rock-surface is presented, it is rounded or worn into flatness, if not grooved and striated; and many farm-houses in Scotland are brought to a near resemblance to those of Sweden, by their being planted on platforms of smoothed rock—rock smoothed by the ice of early times, applied in a way which we can now scarcely understand.

No satisfactory theory has as yet been started to account for these appearances. Sir Roderick Murchison attributes the various phenomena of smoothings, scratchings, and transported materials in Sweden, Finland, Russia, &c. to a flood which had broke away from the Scandinavian chain at the last great upheaval—a flood not excluding ice, but containing it only in a small proportion to water. Mr Milne also argues for water as the chief cause. But it has never been shown that water, however charged with loose materials, could wear down the rocky surface of the earth in such a manner, polish it, and leave it all covered with scratches observing uniform directions throughout large spaces. It has been shown, on the contrary, by Sir Charles Lyell, that a great flood may pass over the land, carrying large quantities of stones along with it, and make very little impression on the surface over which it passes. On the other hand, as has already been insisted on, the appearances are precisely those which modern glaciers produce; therefore it would appear to have been ice in some form which produced the appearances. But what the form, and how applied? It has been suggested that it bore exactly the shape of the modern glaciers, proceeding, for instance, in Scotland from the Grampian Hills into the low country. But while it may be admitted that local glaciers account for some of the local phenomena (as in the case of the Cuhullin Hills in Skye), it is contrary to all our knowledge of glacier movement that a stream of ice proceeding from Ben Nevis could travel through the neighbouring vales for a hundred miles without any adequate declination of ground to give it impetus. When we think of the many hundred miles of flat country in North America and Sweden over which ice appears to have travelled, we see still more clearly that the form of the ice could not be that of common glaciers, or its dynamical power derived from the same source.

The nearest approach to a satisfactory theory on the subject, is one which was explained and illustrated at the late meeting of the British Association by the ingenious Mr Hugh Miller. It is to be observed that there is a remarkable superficial formation very prevalent in Scotland, called the compact boulder clay. It generally lies close upon the smoothed and scratched surfaces. It contains blocks of stone of various sizes, generally brought from no great distance, usually rounded, and often polished and scratched, having apparently been the instruments by which the fast rock was similarly marked. There can scarcely be a doubt that this clay, with its contents, is immediately connected with the mystery of the ancient glacial operations. It strongly betrays the presence of water during those operations. Mr Miller, for these and other reasons, thinks that the phenomena in question may have been produced by *rafts of ice* floating along in currents upon the sea, when the land was deeply submerged.

This idea is certainly plausible; yet it does not settle the question, for it so happens that the superficial matter in Sweden resembles that of *moraines*, and therefore leads the mind to subaerial ice, while it is not easy to imagine how an ice-raft, by which is meant a mass of loose pieces of ice, borne on a current, could pass through a valley like that of the Firth of Forth, in such a vast volume and depth, and in so jammed and rigid a form, as to mark the whole uniformly to several hundred feet up the hills. Here, however, the question must rest for the present, and until some suggestion be made that shall better explain the whole phenomena involved.

R. C.

### THE DEATH-WARNING.

A LEGEND OF SACO ISLAND.

BY FRÉDÉRIC B. DE JOHN.

Of all the great centres to which strange characters are attracted, Paris is perhaps the most remarkable, very much, apparently, because of the encouragement given in it to original talent. Clever and enterprising Americans are often met there. One whom I lately encountered proved to be a pleasant and conversable man. We chanced to get upon the subject of superstition, or rather, to speak more fairly, on matters pertaining to what has been called the night-side of nature.

'I expect you love a yarn; I'll just give you one which is genuine. I'm not a superstitious man, but the contrary. But I'll give you an item of new-country fancies which will amuse you.'

I shall not preserve the energetic words of my American friend, as some of them would be difficult of comprehension in our part of the world; but I give the facts of his narrative exactly as they were told.

Saco is a small town at a very short distance from the sea, in the state of Maine, famous only within a circumference of a few miles, in connection with the Labrador fishery, and also as the nursery of an industrious, hard-working set of shipwrights and fishermen. In the early history of the state of Maine mention is made of Saco island as the site of an Indian village; but local tradition gives more ample details relative to the ejection of the Red Skins from the place. But with this I have nothing to do, except incidentally, as will be seen in the course of my narrative.

Abel Jacks, my informant, was the son of a working shipbuilder of Saco, a pushing, industrious man, who in times of thriving business, and when a pressing job was on hand, would work eight days without taking off his clothes. He lived in a house just above the town, the front of which faced the island which parted the river, variously known as Cuth and Saco island. Abel was his youngest son—at the time we speak of a young man of twenty. About a dozen yards distant from their residence was an old tumble-down shanty, which had been abandoned for many years. A murder had been committed within its walls a long time ago, and people said that ever since noises were heard at midnight around its ruins—a troubled cry of conscience from the criminal. No man was ever found bold enough to reside in it again, until a poor widow, Curtis by name, obtained leave to make it her home.

Widow Curtis was as superstitious and fearful as her neighbours, perhaps even more so, for she firmly believed in death-warnings. The once glad mother of nine children, she had lost eight, and before the real news reached her, she always had a warning. It is true that her signs and tokens came very much oftener even than bad news; but as bad news did sometimes follow her hints from the other world, she had sufficient reason for her belief. She found herself at last with one only child, a daughter of eighteen, who was at service on Cuth island, in the house of Squire Sheen; and to be near this beloved child, the widow took up her quarters in the haunted shanty, which to her seared heart had now no terrors.

Mr Jacks was kind to the poor widow, gave her some furniture, and assistance in various other forms; and she was grateful. A great part of her time was spent in the house of the shipwright, whose son Abel was warmly attached to her daughter Martha, who was indeed to be his wife that very fall. For some months the widow had been quiet and happy: the thought of her child's advantageous marriage had driven gloomy ideas from her head, and her cheerful state of mind the assiduous kindness of the Jacks had also tended to promote.

One afternoon a tremendous storm startled the good people of Saco, and filled them with alarm. Saco river was lined with saw-mills, the owners of which floated their timber and planks down by its waters. But just above the town a huge boom lay across the stream, to check the rafts, and to protect the bridges which connected Cuth island with the two shores. Once in the memory of man a freshet had carried away the boom, and given passage to the vast weight of timber, which coming with terrific violence against the bridges had utterly destroyed them. The storm on this occasion was followed by the rapid swelling of the river, and about four o'clock the boom gave way; the mountains of planks and logs brought down by the inundation rushed madly through, and all communication between the island and the town was cut off. The timber plunged with irresistible force over the falls below the island, carrying the bridges away with it.

The roar of the blast, the rushing of the wild waters, the crash of logs, the plunging of masses of wood over the two cataraacts, the running to and fro of the people, all roused in poor Widow Curtis feelings of terror and alarm; and about sunset she came into the house to old Jacks, and told him that she had received a death-warning relative to her last child. Tears streamed down her pallid cheek, and her whole mien was that of a broken-hearted woman. Both old Jacks and Abel sought to comfort her in every possible way. They tried ridicule, they tried reason; but all in vain; the widow still declared she had heard the never-failing warning.

'And what was it like?' suddenly cried old Jacks.

'A low screech, like the cry of one in pain,' replied the widow.

'Tush, woman, you heard the squaw of Cuth island. She never fails to howl with the tempest.'

'And who, pray, was the squaw of Cuth island?'

Old Jacks drew the widow to the table, lit his pipe, poured out a glass of beer, and after a vigorous hem, began his story. Before the settlement of white men round the borders of Saco river, the island was inhabited by a whole tribe of Indians. An old fellow of the name of Cuth, wishing to establish a saw and flour mill in the place, bought the site of the Indians, who, on the receipt of the purchase-money, decamped in accordance with their word. Old Cuth then crossed over to the island to select the spot whereon he wished to build; but to his astonishment he found an aged squaw, who refused to depart. She declared that in the general distribution she had been left out, and demanded a share of the purchase-money of the white man himself. Cuth gave her a bottle of rum, which she eagerly tasted, and then leaping into her canoe, hurried across to join her tribe. But whether the rum had affected her head, or whether age had rendered her limbs too weak to contend with the current, could not be known, but she was drawn into the rapids, and over the falls, where of course she was drowned. From that day the island point was believed to be haunted by the squaw spirit; and there was scarcely a man, woman, or child in Saco but would declare having heard the moaning of the old crone before and during storms.

'Maybe,' said Widow Curtis when old Jacks had concluded, 'maybe 'tis the squaw has given me every warning.'

'Nonsense, Mother Curtis; all nonsense and flummery. And yet I am bound to believe in ghosts too. I



aint a superstitious man nohow, but I've been tried too. One night I was at work till late at the Lower Ferry, and after work I joined a merry-making. It was past twelve when I started home. Everything was square and straight until I got to the road near the church-yard: then I distinctly heard the rustling of a silk dress close beside me. "Come out of that," said I, "and no poking fun at me!" I got no answer; and away I slashes in the bushes with a big hickory stick; all to no good. The rustling of silk was still close to me as ever. I was in a precious rage with myself I do own; but I heard it plainly enough. At last I came to the bridge; and you know the ends of the planks stick out beyond the rail to save sawing off. What do I see but an old fellow walking along these ends beside me in an old silk morning gown. "Good-night to you, Sam Jacks," said he. I returned his politeness; and then he began to ask news of Saco town, and of people dead and gone these twenty years. He seemed surprised when I told him they were all departed; and at the end of the bridge we separated. Now, Widow Curtis, I know I did see all this, and yet old Sam Jacks knows precious well there was nobody there. It was nothing but fancy and deceit, and so was the cry you heard. Cheer up, old girl Martha! all right!"

But the widow was not to be satisfied. The old man's stories rather excited her imagination, and she declared that every instant she felt more sure that Martha was gone. About midnight she started towards home, and Abel went along the water-side with her, to say a few words of comfort.

'Did you hear that?' suddenly said the poor mother. 'If that was not Martha's voice, it was her spirit.'

Abel had heard the cry: it was a shriek of despair, so clear, so distinct, no man could hesitate or doubt. The night was now calm and still, and the moon shone brightly over the whole scene. A boat lay moored within an indentation of the river at the young man's feet. He gazed rapidly round. Just above the point of the island he saw a small canoe, and a person standing upright in it—a woman with her hands clasped, as if in prayer. The canoe was hurrying down the stream, though not yet in the rapids. A lover's glance is not easily deceived. It was Martha! To leap into the boat, to push out towards the canoe, and to begin rowing with the energy of mingled love and despair, was the work of a single instant. The widow sank down upon her knees on the bank.

The river was wide, and the current strong, while just below were the rapids. Abel was almost within their influence, and soon found it necessary to pull up-stream to avoid being sucked in. When again he turned the bow of his boat across, the canoe was not more than fifty yards above the spot where he lay, and was coming with extreme velocity.

'Courage, dear Martha,' cried the young man; 'Abel is at hand.'

'I dropped my paddles, Abel, while getting away from a snag.'

'Check the canoe with your hands, dear girl. Put them in the water. Every inch gained is valuable.'

'I am going too quickly, Abel. You can never save me. Is that my dear mother on the bank?'

'It is, Martha,' replied Abel solemnly, at the same time pulling vigorously. 'But silence now.'

The two boats were drawing near, while both were setting down with great velocity on the rapids. Martha was in a light bark canoe, which lay almost on the surface of the water. A few minutes more, and Martha and Abel were parallel to each other, at a distance of about a dozen yards. Abel leapt to his feet, and looked around. They were within thirty feet of the rapids, and two hundred of the falls, in the very middle of the stream. All hope of Abel's catching the canoe was now gone. She, it seemed, could not be saved. They could only be lost together. The young man gazed at the moonlit isle, the shore, his father's home, the aged mother kneeling on the shore, while old Jacks and his

mother stood motionless near the threshold of their house.

'Martha,' cried Abel in a voice calm and collected, though husky, 'act with courage and spirit. One minute, and we part perhaps for ever. Rouse all your courage, think of your mother and of your future husband, and let the thought give you the energy of a man. Lie down quickly in the canoe; lie still, and move not. The fall is swelled by the rain, and the white rock is hidden. That is a dear girl! Move not for your life! Adieu!'

No more words were spoken. Martha, as she was bid, lay at full length in the bottom of the slight bark canoe, and next instant was sucked into the rapids. Round and round went the frail boat, and then entering the very centre of the quick-flowing stream, it darted along, and was lost sight of over the falls. Abel pulled like a madman for the shore, guiding his boat slightly up stream.

'My child, my child!' cried the agonized mother as he leapt out upon the bank.

'Boy,' said his father severely, 'what have you done with Martha?'

'Father, stay me not! Martha is in the hands of Providence. Follow me, and a few minutes will decide her fate!'

The mother and Abel's whole family ran with the young man along the shore, following the portage of the falls. They soon reached the nook in which lay the boat used by the Jacks for fishing under the cataract. As Abel expected, the high tide and the great volume of waters considerably lessened the height of the fall, which was also wider than usual.

'Where is my child?' cried Widow Curtis once more.

Abel made no reply, but leaping into the boat, pulled across the stream. The two falls, one on each side of Cuth island, made of course a very strong current in this part of the river, but where the two currents met, the one counteracted the other, and the volume of water being very great, three backwaters ensued, one going back to the island point, the other two along shore. Abel pulled for the still water in the centre, and in a few minutes had the intense satisfaction of seeing the frail bark canoe lying motionless on the very edge of the eddy.

'Martha!' he cried in a low agonized voice.

No answer was given, and in a few minutes more he was alongside. There she lay in the pale moonlight, as calm as an infant on its mother's bosom, but to all appearance lifeless. Abel lifted her hurriedly into his boat, and sprinkled her marble face with water. A deep sigh, a low wailing sound of pain, and then a burst of tears and laughter, proclaimed the victory of youth and nature over death.

'Oh, Abel, how have I been saved?' said the trembling and agitated girl, clasping her lover's two hands.

'By thy courage and trust in Providence, dear Martha,' replied Abel in a low tone; and these two simple unsophisticated children of nature knelt, and with the roaring cataract on each side, and the placid sky above, prayed to the God of their hearts.

'Let us go to my mother,' said Martha after an instant's pause; and Abel, without another word, struck out for the shore. The meeting formed a most exciting scene. Tears and questions, and thanks and laughter, were strangely mingled with each other, and then the whole party returned to old Jacks' house.

It appeared that Martha, knowing her mother's character, and aware of the influence of a storm upon her mind, had determined, as soon as the moon rose, to cross over and reassure the widow as to her own safety. She took her master's bark canoe, and starting a good way above the site of the bridge, began pulling across. When well in the stream, a beam of wood checked her progress. Eager to push it from her path, she let go her paddles, which she had forgotten to fasten on the rollocks, and they fell into the stream. She caught des-

perately at the snag, but in vain; and then she gave the wailing cry which mother and lover had both heard.

Old Jacks warmly commended Abel's presence of mind in giving the advice he did, but far more the calm courage of Martha in following it, while all felt that, under any circumstances, the escape was next to miraculous. Old Jacks insisted on Martha's returning no more to service; and taking upon himself the duties of patriarch, decided that the marriage should be celebrated two months sooner than was originally intended. A week later, Abel and Martha were man and wife; and to judge from their present solid affection and genuine happiness, they have never forgotten their one terrible trial. Abel loves to tell his story, but says that now it is in my hands, he stands a good chance of hearing, 'We have seen that in print;' a prophecy which I hereby prove to be correct. Old Jacks and the widow are now dead, and Saco is a large place; but though our worthy couple have been now fourteen years married, they remember, as if it were yesterday, their own legend of Saco island.

#### A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

NEW YEAR'S DAY—THE GREAT DINNER—THE BOX-WALKER—  
CONCERT—SEARCH OF SERVANTS.

It is the custom among the British here to usher in the New Year with a discharge of artillery, and so many other noises, that sleep during any part of the night is out of the question. I was therefore neither annoyed nor disturbed by the gun at daybreak, at which time we now regularly get up, in order to begin our walk before sunrise. On making our way about nine o'clock to breakfast, we found the landing-place at the drawing-room door covered with little trays containing the usual presents offered on festival days: almonds in their shells, small raisins, native sugar dropped into round balls, sugar candy (a much better thing), and a variety of native fruits. I have not yet learned to like the fruits. The pine-apples have little flavour; pomegranates, custard-apples, pummaloes, are all very bad in my opinion; plantains are more tolerable—they taste something like raspberries and cream, but are rather sickly. The best fruits are not now in season—leeches, peaches, and mangoes. There was a large fish on one tray, the largest edible fish I ever saw. We did not try it. It went, with a share of all the other dainties, to the servants, who are very fond of fish to put into their curries. The poorer natives can seldom afford a fish or meat-curry; their low wages force them to content themselves with dahl or other pulse, flavoured with garlic to mix with their rice, which is enriched by ghee, a sort of clarified butter made from buffalo's milk, answering to the *kitchen* of the Scotch and Irish. We had another pleasant little family dinner to-day: we have them very frequently—seldom, indeed, dining alone. Some old friend has suddenly arrived from an out station, or some new friend; some young stranger must have kind attention shown him, or we pick up our company on the Courser. It is too hospitable a house, I fear, for home to be seen very distinctly in it. One of the guests this evening, the captain of an Indiaman, had his ship-servant behind his chair, a black, but not a native of these parts. I rather think that he and Caroline's ayah might have claimed kindred, for he had the look of Portuguese extraction. He was dressed in a white jacket and trousers, European fashion; and—so rapidly does the eye accommodate itself to what is constantly presented to it—I thought it quite strange to see a man in such guise waiting at table. The number of servants in a Calcutta dining-room must in the hot weather be a serious annoyance. Every person has an

attendant, and the great people have two, besides the superior servants of the house in waiting at the sideboards. Quiet as all their movements are, so many human beings cannot be roaming about, handing dishes and bottles, and changing plates, so very officiously too, without causing some confusion, and consuming an undue proportion of good air. At the small parties it is not pleasant, at the great dinners it must be very nearly intolerable. They never speak while in the room; they stand motionless as statues, with folded arms, when not employed; but they chatter like apes when beyond the screen in the passages. I shall have an opportunity to-morrow of deciding upon the pleasures of a *burra khana*, or great dinner, as one of the assemblages, the arrangement of which I disturbed in the study some days ago, will take place here. There was no preparation for it visible to-day; all I noticed was a longer bazaar list than usual, and a heavier bag of rupees handed to the *khansamaun*, which I understand is the more approved method of spelling this dignitary's name. The *burra bibi* has little trouble in ordering her household.

Jan. 2d.—At seven o'clock this evening the guests began to arrive. In half an hour all had assembled, the number, however, reduced to twenty-six by four apologies. We formed a long procession, all properly paired, preceded by chobdars with their silver sticks. It was quite like a public dinner, or rather like a ball supper, only with hot joints and regular courses. There were ham and turkey, boiled salt beef, and roast saddle of mutton, which dishes always keep their station at top and bottom and the two sides of an old-fashioned Calcutta dinner. The many intervening smaller dishes were little attended to, with the exception of the curries. The wines were said to be excellent, and perfectly well cooled. The master and mistress of the feast sat opposite to each other in the middle of the side of the table, intimate friends at the ends. We had a very great lady among us, and a very agreeable one too, the wife of a member of Council. There was some time ago such a storm about precedence here, and it reached to such a height with some of the ladies, that the matter had to be referred home, when it was settled by a warrant from George IV., given at Carleton House, and though not exactly satisfactory to each and every appealing party, it has proved a blessed peacemaker, because a final settlement, and ordered thus:—The ladies of the governor-general, of the chief-justice, of the lord bishop, of the members of council according to their rank in council, of the puisne judges according to the seniority of their husbands' arrival, of the naval commander-in-chief, of the military commander-in-chief—these all precede the wives of the rest of the society, who rank as they were accustomed to do; but—and here was the rub—any lady having by birth rank of her own in England, preserves it here, whatever may be her husband's position, and takes her place immediately after the wives of the members of council. From my safe retreat among the nobodies, I can afford to smile at these little follies, and proceed with our dinner party. The great lady in company gives the signal for leaving the gentlemen, who soon follow her up stairs. It is she also who retires the first when it is time to go away—no one else would like to break up the meeting. Then begins great fatigue to the master of the house, who is expected to accompany most of the ladies down stairs to their carriage, whatever other bean throes of higher rank may have secured besides. Indeed a real old Indian receives all the ladies on their arrival as well: every time the



two strokes of the gate bell sound, he appears at the door of his house to conduct them upon his own arm into the drawing-room, and there present them to the other assembled guests. His hope at the parting is, that, like a flock of wild geese, they may all take flight together, when he would be unable to flutter up and down to convoy them individually. It has been rather a dull three hours or so, although we had in one cool corner a great deal of pleasant conversation with several very agreeable people.

3d.—I have heard old Indians at home say that the moment the dishes were removed from their tables, the remaining contents were thrown out into the streets or into the road before the door; and that in an inconceivably short space of time they were devoured by the ever-ready adjutants, who certainly are, as they have long been called, the most active of scavengers. It is a hideous beast-like bird, very disgusting to look at; and it stalks away upon its long, long legs, among all the filth, in a nasty greedy manner; not finding, however, so many delicate morsels in these days, for the shocking waste of food formerly permitted no longer continues. People have learned to send the larger remnants of their feasts to the jail, the sailor's home, and such-like places; or to give them to poor European families. And in every household there are servants who gladly accept these fragments for themselves and their families—such as Portuguese Christians, perhaps a negro cook, and natives who have lost caste on account of performing the very offices for which we hired them. It is a perquisite beyond their wages very welcome to all of them. After such a display as yesterday with all this, and the best part of the provisions left over, set aside during the cold weather for a small entertainment next day, a good deal still remains, which the khansomann is permitted to sell to those less fastidious than himself about eating it. Just at present meat can be kept good for several days; and since the happy introduction of ice from America, this can be done with any rarity even in the hot weather that is coming. How all the people here do revel in this new luxury, this profuse supply of ice! The pure blocks arrive as imported, and are broken up into knobs of various sizes, which can be thrown into the glass of wine, or beer, or soda water, for those who are too impatient to wait for the obdar's more correct cooling process. There was a grand cleaning of wall-shades to-day, and of the little glass cups which hold the cocoa-nut oil within them, every light having been used yesterday. The daily illumination struck me as too magnificent for a private dwelling, but on company occasions it is doubled. The cost is said to be trifling; still, every little helps the whole; and I am treasuring up economical hints against our taking up house ourselves, when our aim will be to save every outlay on which comfort is not actually dependent.

4th.—We had a very amusing scene with a box-wahler yesterday. He came by appointment with some goods which had been ordered. He had set out from his open shop in the bazaar leading a train of eight coolies, every pair of whom carried a large tin box between them balanced upon their two heads. An assistant brought up the rear. In this same state the whole set were ushered by the chobdar into the boudoir where we two ladies sat expecting them. The chief was well dressed, well mannered, though somewhat too humble and beseeching, and very bright-eyed. His assistant was quite inferior. Both salaamed with the profoundest respect; but the coolies remained quite in the background till ordered forward when a box was wanted. The necessary purchases were soon made, after a little chaffering, through the medium of the ayah, who has too great a part to play in these bargaining transactions not to take good care to be in the way; and then began the real business of the day. The box-wahler approached

the burra bibi, and putting his hands together open and at full stretch from palm to palm, and holding them up in an entreating manner, as is the habit of these people when about addressing a superior, he salaamed more reverently than before. 'Well,' said Caroline, 'you have something very pretty to show I see; but unfortunately we want nothing more to-day.' Another salaam more respectful than the last. 'Madam can only look—madam need not buy. Some lace—so beautiful!' How well he knew my sister's foible. 'Beautiful French lace!' The conversation grew animated, for Cary jabbers on in their language as well as they do themselves, ayah interpreting to me as much of it as she thought interesting. At last she settled matters by stepping forward and addressing a pair of expectant coolies at the other end of the room. She called out in an authoritative voice the short word 'laou.' A tin case and its two supporters immediately moved forward together as if one piece, one group of some frieze or bit of statuary. The naked figures stooped, and depositing their burthen at our feet, retired to the veranda: they have not sufficient politeness to salaam. These poor coolies are among the lowest of the people, very dark and very ugly—the lower the caste, the darker the complexion. Bad food, constant exposure to the sun, and the quantity of cocoa-nut oil with which they saturate their skins, to enable them to endure the heat in their naked state, are the principal causes of their wretched appearance. The floor was soon overspread with a profusion of all the finery that women love. But we were not to be tempted, although this honest merchant came down in price with every article as he proceeded to show them to us. At last he unfolded the lace. 'Eighty rupees for that beautiful trimming!' 'Great lady!' continued he in a deprecating tone, 'if you cannot afford to buy my goods, where shall I offer them? The little people will not buy such handsome things—they must have low goods at low prices. Great lady must buy this *Meelin* lace! I expected one hundred rupees for it. See! I give it you for eighty!'

Caroline laughed. 'Vanheram,' said she, 'I have dealt many years with you: I will buy the piece of lace from you since you so much wish it, and I will give you twenty rupees for it.'

The box-wahler looked quite tragically indignant: he not only gave utterance to his angry feelings, but bustled about with his assistant, replacing all his property in the tin case. He left the lace aside awhile, however, then taking it up, as if before consigning it to the darkness of the tin box, he threw all the cunning suavity of expression he could muster into his handsome face, and holding out the tempting bait, he began another speech, ending with 'Sixty rupees!'

'You are only wasting your time here, Vanheram,' replied the great lady gravely. 'I don't want the lace, nor do I wish to buy it; but to oblige you I consent to take it, and I will give you for it twenty rupees.'

'Madam wish to 'ave it all de same,' said ayah aside to me; 'an' box-wahler he give it too, I see; so I go to khansomann; and away she trotted accordingly.'

The box-wahler continued, in English—which these dealers all speak fluently enough—'Who will buy it if you don't buy it? Fifty-five rupees! Very well, you must have it; very well, you must buy it for less than it cost me: no other lady knows French lace from English.' Turning to me he went on—'Chota madam [that is, young or humble madam] understands these affairs; the young lady will say this fine lace worth forty-five rupees!'

'Twenty rupees or none,' said Caroline in a determined voice; and touching her forehead with her finger, she put an end to the audience.

The master summoned his assistant, the assistant called forward the coolies, and with many salaams, they in silence departed. I felt sure they were gone, the procession was formed so regularly, changed from the order in which it had entered; the assistant now leading, and the merchant himself going out the last. He turned

at the screen, and drawing from his bosom the piece of Mechlin lace which he had artfully concealed there, he held it up with an air quite of tender intreaty. 'Thirty-five rupees!'

'No, no, none; twenty rupees or nothing!'

'Twenty rupees! What do I hear? Twenty rupees; it is enough! No, no, lady, salaam!'—and out glided the box-wahler in earnest this time.

'Now,' said Caroline, 'either to-morrow or next day he will be back with that piece of lace, and I'll get it for twenty-five rupees, or thirty at anyrate.'

The scene had annoyed me—annoyed more than it had amused me. The trouble of such bargaining, the waste of time, the utter dishonesty of the dealer, who would have pocketed the eighty rupees from an ignorant customer, without feeling he was a cheat to take three times the fair value of his goods—it all grated unpleasantly on my home feelings; but the consideration of these curious doings was checked for the moment by the entrance of the ayah with the lace. She had been to the khansmaun for the money—the twenty rupees—and she had made the exchange on the landing-place as the box-wahler, after his grand flourish near the screen, was going down stairs. It was very liberal in her to encourage the bargain, as it is the custom for the merchant to give her back an ana out of every rupee she pays him. The porter, too, I understand, levies a contribution from all to whom he gives admission; and should any one resist this demand, there are plenty of competitors who will submit to anything. Of course the sahib is made to pay for all—a shocking system, and liable to great abuse; but it is the custom of the people, prevailing equally in courts and in markets, in palaces and in huts: every one trades in money—every one is a speculator. The better-paid head-servant lets out the surplus of his monthly wages at daily interest. The khansmaun thus employs the sum intrusted to him by his master when, in the old-fashioned way, the expenses of the week are thus prepared for in advance: a constant selling, and lending, and bartering is going on among all ranks.

5th.—Cary and I have been with a large party of friends to a concert at the town-hall to-night: a very fine building, handsome outside, imposing within, an entrance and staircase very remarkable. We had much the same professional performers as at our private musical party: the French violoncello, the German bassoon, the Portuguese tenor, the German boy's piano-forte, one or two others very fair, and the artillery band, which is a very good one, to help. The great bulk of the audience was composed of the dark-complexioned. Respectable natives, half-castes, &c. some who considered themselves as the *dite* of the European society, protested rather vehemently against such persons being admitted. They regret the good old times of exclusiveness under the unlimited tyranny of the old charters. A much better tone is beginning to prevail, and will naturally gather strength with the certain progress of public opinion at home, which has already made itself known across the Indian Ocean. Monopoly after monopoly will give way as this great empire becomes more really a part of the dominions of Great Britain, and less a mere mart for a company of merchants to trade with. This enormous territory, which has grown, and is still growing to such an inordinate size, no one can well tell how, is certainly upon the whole very fairly governed; but I suppose nobody will contend that all the resources of the country are brought out as they might be, if less were taken from it in the shape of revenue. We are much better sovereigns than any Asiatic potentate ever was. We are just, as well as powerful, but hardly paternal. There must of course be difficulty in governing a people so various in kind and creed, so false, so low in feeling, so selfish, and so sensual. We must wait for some change of character among the better classes at anyrate, before the consideration and the liberality suited to superior manners could essentially serve castes now quite unprepared

to be so dealt with. Human instruments can only help the slow, better-ordered work of time; and with this hope for the future we must at present, I am afraid, be satisfied.

6th.—The gentlemen dining out this evening—a man-party somewhere—Cary and I dined at tiffin, and had an early tea with buttered muffin—so English and so happy. We talked you all over. We went back to old days, and old scenes, and old incidents; and I do think Cary is inclined to think more resolutely of a home future, and to prepare, by stricter economy, for an earlier return among you. It is a great mistake that Indians make in leading such a mere life of pleasure. If they would consider it more a life of business, and keep the one aim and end of their coming here more steadily before them, they could all return, if not in affluence, most certainly in comfort, to their native land while yet in the prime of their days. All this philosophy is the effect of the muffin, which, though not exactly equal to those you may now be looking at, reminds us sufficiently of them to bring before us the fire, and the kettle, and the curtains, and the tea-table of those dear temperate regions, where so many that we love are at this very moment perhaps thinking of us. I must take my home-fancies to bed, and release poor ayah, who, sleepy as she is, stands fanning off the musquitos from me, and I must get her to open just as much space in the muslin case around my couch as will enable me to dart into that secure asylum from the greatest annoyance in India.

7th.—I got home to-day all our shipboard linen, very nicely washed. Four rupees for every hundred pieces—hardly a penny each. Ayah bargained with the dhoobe to wash for us for ten rupees a month—a very fair compact. I had a dirjie here too, a dirjie of repute, to make me up some plain dresses suited to the hot weather now approaching, and was thus let into a curious custom. The ayah forgot to warn the porter that she had ordered the attendance of this needleman, and the durwan would not let him in. I had to send a chit down to him, which, though he could not read, he accepted as a warrant. These chits are quite a plague; one is perpetually note-writing. Every message must be written, word of mouth not answering where messages have to go through so many blundering heads. Another part of the durwan's business I was introduced to in the course of this day. He has to search the persons of all who leave the house. My dirjie could not escape, nor any one not thoroughly known as above suspicion. It is even done to all the servants of the guests at a dinner party, and if it were not, there would be but a poor account of table napkins, spoons, and forks. It is also necessary to search recently-hired servants coming into the family every time they wander beyond the great gates, unless they have been vouched for by the tried heads of their departments—the best and general plan to guard against the imposition of disreputable subordinates being to take some pains to secure the services of higher-caste upper domestics, and to make them responsible for their gangs. There is so much of hanging together in the genius of these people, that it hardly ever answers to make one servant independent of another. To trust one chief is therefore the only plan that can safely be resorted to. This is carried so far, that the khansmaun commonly keeps the house purse, the ayah all the clothes, lace, shawls, jewels, and money of her mistress; and it is very rare for either of these to break their trust.

8th.—The holidays in the Supreme Court are over, and Arthur will begin business in earnest. He has had a second case to study, and I believe he will be employed in one of some importance through the kindness of my legal friend, who proposed him in the place of a junior counsel gone suddenly down to the Sandheads for change of air. One of the judges gives a great bar-dinner to-day—a very popular man, who lives much more in the best English style than most others here. If Arthur get away from this generally pleasant party tolerably

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early—the judge is famous for his wines—he will join us at a house I am dying with curiosity to find myself inside of—an account of which visit you shall have to-morrow.

## AUTOGRAPHS.

### PARISIAN MANUSCRIPT.

THE prevailing taste for collecting autographs and manuscripts of individuals who have distinguished themselves in society, although doubtless it is often very trifling in the hands of some childish collector, has proved of immense importance in biography and in history. Events, before mysterious, have been explained; occurrences have been accurately described; and truth has been developed by the discovery of some private letters which had been unexpectedly preserved. The intrigues of statesmen, the negotiations of diplomatists, have had a sudden light thrown upon them by a curious investigator who has ransacked some old papers, and drawn from them a knowledge of the facts that really occurred. The principal source of our minute acquaintance with all the circumstances that marked the reign of Henry IV. of France, is to be traced to the collection made with so much industry and zeal by Lomenie de Brienne, secretary of state to that monarch. From that period commences the real knowledge of events that have occurred in France. He it was who set the example which has been since largely followed of amassing every document that he could place his hands upon—autograph-letters, manuscript memoirs, public acts signed by men in authority, were brought together with avidity and with eager curiosity. This collection has given us an insight not only into events, but has made us acquainted with men, their manners, their customs, their virtues, and their vices. Classed by Messrs Dupuy, who were his executors, copies of them were made, and these were given to them as a reward for the labours, whilst the originals, which occupied 340 volumes, purchased by Louis XIV., are carefully preserved in the National Library of France.

Pierre Dupuy and James his brother followed the example that had been set them, and during a period of forty years completed one of the noblest collections of original manuscripts that has ever been made. The valuable archives were given to Louis XIII., and remain a monument of labour and of energy. The literature of the seventeenth century would have been incomplete without them: they are not confined to French autographs, but are illustrative of the history of Italy and Germany, and even embrace the Greek and Latin languages. The Duc de Bethune, an immediate connection of Sully, not only amassed letters of the age in which he lived, but sought for the treasures of older times, in which he was assisted by the Abbé de Marolles. Upwards of a thousand letters, principally from kings, queens, princes, princesses, and the highest nobility, came into his possession. His son felt the same enjoyment in the pursuit of documents. M. de Gaigneres was the next contributor to this species of historical evidence: he bequeathed his literary treasures to Louis XIV. There were five sections of manuscripts mentioned in his catalogue: the first containing eighty volumes in folio of original titles of archbishops and bishops with the seals; the second, of twenty volumes of original titles of abbays, and documents from the clergy; the third, sixty volumes of autograph-letters of all the great men of France, from Charles VII. up to the reigning monarch; the fourth embraced ten volumes of despatches and diplomatic autographs; the fifth was a large collection in portfolios of the deeds, charters, and foundations of the monastic institutions. It was a matter of much marvel how any individual of moderate means could have found money to purchase such rare and valuable materials, and how he could have found time to arrange and explain their various contents.

Many have been the distinguished men who have since devoted much of their lives to similar collections:

amongst them the great Colbert; his antiquarian taste led him to researches of the most important character. Everything that could illustrate the administration of Cardinal Mazarin was most diligently sought after, and he explored every new source for something that could add to his store. Sixty portfolios of original documents from the time of Philippe Auguste down to Francis I. show how indefatigable he was in his inquiries. The recent accusation made against M. Libri, of purloining some of the manuscripts from the public libraries in France, has directed attention to the accumulated treasures in the National Library, and to the carelessness with which they have been hitherto preserved. A number of writers have come into the field, amongst them the Bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix), Achille Jubinal, Gustave Brunet, and Cretaine. From these we learn that the robberies and mutilation in the manuscript department have been frightful: it has been despoiled of some of its most valuable riches, nor can it be exactly ascertained at what period these losses occurred. It is known that the Vandalism of the Revolution in 1789 extended to every object of literature and of art. The democrats destroyed manuscripts because they thought they might contain the titles of the nobility, or the correspondence of the aristocrats. At a domiciliary visit made to Duplanil, the translator from the German of Busching's 'Domestic Medicine,' one of the commissioners saw in a compartment of the library some portfolios; he dragged them out of the dust, and immediately accused him of corresponding with the enemy. Duplanil showed him that they were letters of Louis XIV., and of Turenne, explaining to him that they were no longer living. The answer was, 'To the guillotine with him! he has dared to receive letters from the tyrants and his doctors, and to keep them!' It was after the burning of innumerable valuable documents, parchments, books, armorial drawings, and historical manuscripts, that in the year 1793 the Abbé Gregoire dared to raise his voice against these barbarous devastations; and the Convention passed a decree forbidding further dilapidations.

M. Jubinal has shown that, within a short period, letters of Louis XI., of Calvin, of Melancthon, of Galileo, of Rubens, of Theodore Beza, of Bongars, of Etienne Pasquier, of Ronsard, of Dubartas, of Stephen Dolet, of Montaigne, and of Mary Stuart, have disappeared. The history given by him of the autograph of Raphael, the only one known to exist of the great painter, is curious enough. There is in the celebrated collection of fac-similes of autographs, published under the name of 'L'Isographie,' one of Raphael, to which is appended a note, stating that the original is in the National Library. Jubinal, anxious to see with his own eyes one of the greatest of all our literary curiosities, went to the library, and learned to his astonishment that it had never been there; he next sought for some information from M. Duchesne, who was one of the editors of 'L'Isographie.' He informed him, that notwithstanding the assertion in his volume, that it had never made a part of the museum. The gentleman stated that it had been brought from Italy during the successes of Napoleon Bonaparte, amongst others of the rich treasures which were destined to adorn the public institutions of Paris; it was in the hands of the conservator of the Louvre, to whom had been consigned, as a public officer, the Venus de Medicis, the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvidere, as well as the autograph of Raphael; but the latter he had placed in his own private library. At his death his collection of autographs was advertised for sale, and amongst them this precious jewel. M. Dubois, since director of the Egyptian Museum, protested against the property of the nation being thus confiscated, and it was withdrawn from the sale. M. Duchesne sought and obtained permission to lithograph the document; but the individual who lent it for the purpose, insisted that the name of the person who held it should not be given, and in consequence of this the editors stated that it belonged to the Royal Library, although it had never been within its



walls. Upon the remonstrances of M. Dubois, the letter was given up to the keeper of the Louvre; but it was again destined to be misplaced, for there was a rumour that it had disappeared from its place, and for fifteen years it was lost to the world. The Revolution of 1848, although it has proved of very little value to anything else, has been of importance to the lost manuscript, for the new administrator of the Louvre, M. Jeannon, has laid his hands upon it. It was found in what is technically called its original chemise, being the covering in which it was first placed. Within this was a document, signed by Tinot and by Berthollet, dated Venice, stating that the commissioners for the importation into France of the works of art of Italy, had collected amongst the *chefs-d'œuvre* a writing of Raphael, which it describes as a bargain made by Raphael for a picture of the crowning of the Virgin, and congratulates France upon its possession of this fruit of its victories. The autograph is in itself interesting. It is dated the 21st of June 1516. It is the agreement for a picture of the Assumption of the Virgin, for which 200 ducats are to be paid—seventy at the commencement of the work, and the rest at its completion. Then follow three lines in Raphael's own handwriting, traced with a firm hand; the writing is excellent, and well defined: it commences—'Io Raffaello so contento qto de sopra e scritto et a fede ho facto questo de mia mano in Roma,' so that no doubt can be raised as to his autograph, and to the orthography of his name, of which there have been many doubts.

No man has made greater use of autographs than Lamartine: he has with singular research availed himself of every opportunity that has presented itself; and the many important collections that exist in Paris have furnished him with ample materials for the correction of the errors into which historians of the Revolution have inadvertently fallen. He has been able to throw considerable light on the mooted question, whether Robespierre shot himself at the Hôtel de Ville at the moment of his arrest, or whether, as has so often been asserted, he was wounded by another person accidentally. From the evidence of a letter in the collection of one of the most fervent admirers of Robespierre, it would appear that the latter was actually the case. It is known that the leader of the Jacobins sat for some time in the salon, unwilling to take any prominent part in opposing his enemies: he seemed to have lost all energy. Had he at once called out the sections, and headed them, he might have been enabled to overthrow his adversaries. He was with difficulty induced to act: at last he determined to issue his orders. He commenced an address to the Commune, and had finished that portion of it which it was his part to draw up, and was affixing his signature to it, when the detachment rushed into the room. The first letters of his name were then finished, the last with a trembling hand; but he must then have been interrupted, and stains of his blood blot out some of the writing. There is something actually speaking in the appearance of the manuscript, which, when associated with the apartment in which the occurrence took place, carries with it its own history.

Another circumstance has been set to right by a letter, which weighed heavily in the mind of an individual who played a conspicuous part in the Revolution. At the moment when Louis XVI. wished to address the people from the scaffold, on which he had immediately to lay down his head, a command was given, and the rolling of the drums interrupted him, and prevented him from being heard; and as those who condemned him to death had issued no orders to that effect, the responsibility rested on the commander of the forces, Santerre. The Royalists accused him of a gratuitous act of inhumanity, and he was loaded with imprecations. He denied the truth of the statement, but nobody listened to him. At the sale of M. Bourdillon's autographs, was sold a letter from General Santerre, dated 1802, addressed to Citizen Chateaufort, in which he justifies the conduct of Westerman; but that which rendered the manuscript most

interesting was at its back some observations of Chateaufort, which fully proved, from his own personal knowledge, that it was not Santerre, but that it was an officer who had been a member of the household of Louis XVI. This person being then living, and holding a prominent position, was applied to, and acknowledged himself to have been the person who commanded the drums to be beat, and who gloried in the opportunity of making the fact public.

An opportunity was lately afforded to a collector of autographs, an Englishman residing in Paris, to exculpate his countrymen from a heavy charge that has lately been brought against them by one of the popular writers in the *feuilletons* attached to the daily papers. He made the principal object of his romance an attack upon the English during the Revolution for the treatment of the French prisoners that fell into their hands, and boldly affirmed, that although the accusation had often been made, there never had been the slightest attempt to rebut it; and that English superior officers themselves regretted that the orders they received from their government were of so strict a nature, that they were compelled to carry them out. This was repeated, with some harsh observations, in private society, and gave an opportunity to the collector of autographs, who was present, to produce a letter in French, written by Sir David Dundas when commanding at Toulon, addressed to General Dugommier, the French officer in command, not only stating that he had given every accommodation to the prisoners who had fallen into his hands, expressing that wishes that he should do so were forwarded by his own government, but also inculcating in forcible language the reciprocal duties that they were called upon to perform. Historical documents exist to a much larger amount in France than they do in England, for in the convents and monasteries there were individuals who were glad to employ their time and their minds upon such an object. Many of the classic authors have been written in legible hands, and sometimes very singular annotations are found with them, evidently the work of ripe scholars. Treatises upon rhetoric, upon architecture, upon theology, and upon history, *résumés* of the lectures delivered by the professors of the Sorbonne, are not unfrequent in the libraries of the learned; and most of them, when offered at auctions, command good prices. In England, it is often the handwriting that the curious are anxious to see—the subject which is written upon interests them but little; and scrap-books thrust before some unhappy individual who has gained a notoriety, attest that there is a species of avarice rather than a laudable wish to learn some new fact; whilst a novel method of extracting a few shillings from the purse has been ingeniously hit upon by some clever fellow, who, aware of the power of self-love, and the complacency of egotism, offers to give an accurate picture of an individual who will forward a few lines of his handwriting. Numerous are the missives despatched upon this errand, and the remunerations have brought several competitors into the field. It is singular that although the British Museum contains a vast number of curious letters, it has not been very active in adding to its stores; and that numerous sales affording good opportunities have been allowed to pass by without any notice. There seems to be an indifference which is quite unaccountable, when we see the advantages which have resulted from the publication of Horace Walpole's letters, of Garrick's letters, of Pezeya, and of the several men who have been brought before the public, to printing the numerous correspondences which must exist, or to giving lithographic imitations of the handwriting of those who have been most eminent. It would often lead the amateur to the knowledge of the authenticity of a piece.

The French have some good works, which have done much good to the antiquary. The one entitled '*Isographie des Hommes Célèbres*' is a useful collection of fac-similes of the writing of men of all countries. It is for the most part well done, and the letters are

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chosen from well-known collectors. It has often enabled persons to detect the tricks which are constantly played by the adroit and dishonest fabricator upon the careless and the unwary. The materials in the British Museum would furnish forth admirable food for the *savants*. It is said that many volumes exist there, made up of fragments taken from some of the most precious manuscripts; and that some of them come from the National Library of Paris. It is supposed that even the Harleian MS. would exhibit many proofs that a barbarous spirit has been at work, and that his evil deeds have been rewarded. In the catalogue of the Greek manuscripts of the National Library of France is recorded 'the act of *munificence* of Lord Harley,' who restored thirty-five leaves of which it had been despoiled by Aymon. But there are still in the Harleian collection thirteen leaves torn from the Bible of Charles the Bald by Aymon. Oxford and Cambridge are also rich in manuscripts and in autographs known only to few amateurs. They should likewise furnish the literary world with some of those specimens which are most prized. Some sensation has been created amongst the learned by the discovery of an unedited letter of Montaigne: it has been lithographed, and a very curious dissertation published upon it by Achille Jubinal, one of the most learned antiquaries of the day. He has made some interesting remarks upon it, which are worthy an English translation. One of the first difficulties which, as a collector, he has to contend with at the onset, is the orthography of names. It is not only as early as the days of Shakspeare that we have to look for men spelling their names in sundry manners; but at the present time, especially on the continent, there are such variations that we know not by what to abide. We find Bonaparte sometimes admitting a *u* into his name, at other times leaving it out; Bertholet sometimes spells his name with one *l*, at others with two; Malesherbes sometimes left out the *e* after the *l*; and examples might be multiplied even in England. The Somerset family have lately spelt the classic Seymour as *St Maur*; Lord Howden has chosen *Caradoc* instead of *Craddock*; and Smiths have chosen to metamorphose themselves into *Smythes*. The next difficulty is the varieties of different periods of life in penmanship: this, however, would form a chapter in itself as amusing as any that could be offered in the *History of Autographs*.

### IRISH TRAVELLING.

TRAVELLING in this our day is brought to a degree of perfection that is truly astonishing to those who remember what it was in 'the good old times.' There are many who can remember the proud distinction won by those who had made what was once called the 'grand tour'—that is, who passed into France and Italy for a time, and then returned home to be the lions of their respective neighbourhoods. In those days, a journey of 200 miles was a matter of more preparation and importance than one which now comprises half the globe; the ascent of one of our own Irish hills—Kilworth or Tullysker—was considered as great an achievement as it is now to cross the Alps; and the exploration of the caves of Cloghunn was looked on as an event in one's life, of more importance than we think it at present to saunter among the Pyramids of Egypt, or to dive among the hidden things of Herculaneum. When Stephenson the engineer was examined before parliament on the subject of railways, and ventured to say that he thought locomotives might be propelled at the speed of twenty miles an hour, he heard a half-suppressed titter among the members, who thought he was carried far beyond the limits of possibility by a wild enthusiasm; since then, we have become so saucy about travelling, that we think nothing of twice the rate.

The change which has taken place in Ireland is marvellous to those who remember what travelling through that country was half a century since, and who can bear witness to the truthfulness of Miss Edge-

worth's description of Irish posting. The journey between Dublin and Cork, comprising 150 miles, was considered to be happily accomplished if performed in six days. In consideration of the casualties which might occur in so hazardous an undertaking, it is said that no person possessed of any property would set out without first making his will. There were heartrending leave-takings, and tedious days of anxious waiting, till news of the travellers could arrive: fond mothers were haunted by disastrous visions of a succession of damp beds, and daring robbers, and reckless drivers; catarrhs, and rifled pockets, and broken limbs, constantly flitted in wild confusion before their troubled fancies. As a gratuity was given to the postboys at each stage, a caution was not unfrequently given to be sure to save upon anything rather than this, for there were fearful tales of post-juvenile revenge.

An old gentleman, a dear friend and neighbour of ours in the county of Limerick, has often described to us the journeys which he made in the days of his youth, to attend quarterly examinations during his college course. He and three fellow-students (among whom was Mr O'Grady, afterwards Lord Guillemore, and for many years Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer) used to travel together; for the accommodation of their party they hired a coach, and thought themselves fortunate if it rattled through the streets of the metropolis, having completed its route of 119 miles, by the close of the third evening. To while away the tedious hours of their journey, the students going up to Dublin to attend examination provided themselves with a pack of cards; a handkerchief spread across their laps serving the purpose of a card-table, on which they pursued their game of whist. As the driver invariably availed himself of every rut and stone which lay before him, the bumping and jolting were incessant, and consequently the shuffling and dealing were performed somewhat after the fashion of a paroxysm of St Vitus's dance. On approaching a town, the postilion was sure to have an access of energy; and lashing the jaded horses, if possible, into a gallop, to the manifest danger of women and children, pigs and dogs, he reached the inn-door in a fit of frenzy, and banged the door of the carriage open, and clattered the steps down with a noise which might have awakened the Seven Sleepers. It is strange that all this time no attempt to reform the system of travelling had been made by the influential inhabitants of the country, and that the task was ultimately left to two strangers—one a Scotchman, the other an Italian.

The former, Mr Anderson, had arrived among the Irish people with but £500; but that sum, realised by his own industry, was a fortune to one in humble circumstances. He brought to Ireland what was far more useful than wealth—wonderful activity of mind, and an earnest desire to benefit his fellow-creatures. He embarked his little capital in the staple trade of Cork—the exportation of provisions—and soon found himself in possession of £25,000, which was eventually increased to £50,000. Instead of sitting down quietly to enjoy the fruit of his industry, he resolved to serve the country which he had made his home, and to turn all the vigour of his mind, as well as his other resources, towards its improvement. With him to project and to execute were the same. Attracted by the picturesque situation of Fermoy, and its capabilities of improvement, Mr Anderson purchased four-sixths of the estate. His first object was to build a town where he found but a poor hamlet, consisting of a carman's inn and a few wretched hovels. Soon after it fell into his hands, no traveller could pass without being struck by the appearance of the town—one of the handsomest and most prosperous of which the south of Ireland could boast: the admirable manner in which it was planned, the regularity of its buildings, and its clean and flourishing condition, were deservedly admired. The scenery by which it is surrounded added much to its attractions—the river, the Black Water, on which it is situated, being embellished by beautiful demesnes which skirt its

banks, with all their diversity of woods, and sloping lawns, and glades.

Mr Anderson turned his capital into a number of other channels for the benefit of his adopted country: besides building his town, he raised churches and schoolhouses; he established a bank; he formed an agricultural society, which holds annual meetings in October for ploughing-matches and the distribution of premiums. He likewise planned various lines of road, and got presentments for some of them; but among the crying evils of the country which engaged his attention, the system of travelling particularly struck him as requiring a thorough reformation; and to him the country owes the inestimable advantage of the introduction of the mail-coach system, now dating little more than half a century back. Hitherto the mail-bags had been carried by postboys on horseback, or in locked-up boxes in wagons drawn by a single horse; and we may infer from this how tardily the communication was kept up. The first public carriage that ran between Dublin and Cork was established by Mr Anderson, and entered the metropolis on the 8th of July 1789. The nobility, and others of high rank, to whose companionship he had raised himself, not only valued and esteemed him for his active benevolence and sterling sense, but found great enjoyment in his society, and in the honest pride with which he often adverted to the humble circumstances from which he had advanced himself by his own unassisted ability and industry. When a sudden and unforeseen turn in his affairs took place (in great measure owing to a change in the currency, by which his bank was materially affected), a public meeting was convened in Cork, at which all persons of consequence in the county attended. The strongest testimony was borne to his worth, and the deepest expressions of the sense entertained of all the country owed to him were mingled with those of affectionate sympathy. To intimate how highly his services were appreciated, a baronetcy had been offered to him by government; but he declined the honour for himself, while accepting it for his son.

Mr Anderson's son—Sir James Anderson—had a turn for science, and devoted himself to projects for improvements in steam-carriages, on which he expended considerable sums, but which his means would not permit him to pursue. He resided for many years at Buttevant Castle, which is finely situated on a rocky eminence on the margin of the river Awby, of which it commands a beautiful view. The river has a peculiar interest in being 'the gentle Mulla' of which Spenser sung. Kilcolman Castle in the immediate neighbourhood is also hallowed as having been the residence of the poet for twelve years, and the spot where he composed his 'Faery Queen.'

Though wonderful improvements had been effected in the system of travelling between some of the principal cities, yet still there remained a lamentable want of communication throughout Ireland. Whole districts were in a manner insulated; agricultural advancement retarded; mind itself stagnating for want of the free interchange of thought so necessary to keep up a healthy tone, and dispel the mists of prejudice. The few mail and day coaches which Mr Anderson had so happily introduced, and which were intended as the beginning of the system which he had so much at heart, fell far short of what was necessary for the improvement and comfort of the country. Those living apart from the great cities, whose occupation, health, or pleasure, made it necessary to travel here or there through the country, were without any public accommodation whatever, and had to make what arrangements they best could. Consequently risk was run and expense incurred to a considerable amount. Many a pedestrian wending his weary way along—to effect his purchase or his sale, or to transact some other business—would have been delighted, at some trifling expense, to have been carried a few miles on, had the opportunity been afforded, by some passing vehicle. Among those destined to tra-

verse the roads through the heat of summer and the cold of winter a youth of about fifteen years might be constantly seen: his countenance and foreign air at once proclaimed him a stranger; he was from Milan, and had come over to Ireland in the year 1802 to seek his fortune. His stock in trade was carried in a box, strapped on his back: it consisted of prints, picture-frames, and the materials for gilding—an art which he was called on to practise at many of the houses at which he stopped on his way from Tipperary (the town where he had settled) to Clonmel, at about eighteen miles' distance. His attainments in the English language did not exceed *two words*; but they sufficed for all the purposes of traffic. 'One pence' was all that he could say; and the price of the article which he offered for sale was simply and clearly made known, as he would touch the fingers of his left hand in succession with the thumb of his right hand, repeating as he touched them, one after the other, 'One pence—one pence'; and so on. If the value of the article exceeded fivepence, he again commenced the touch and the one pence. The purchaser had only to cast up the one pences as they were repeated, to know the value which the youthful merchant set upon each article. Thus did the stranger boy pursue the calling which he planned for himself; and the pleasure which he felt in knowing that by his indefatigable industry he was earning a livelihood may be conceived by those who, like him—

'To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile  
Assiduous wait upon her,  
And gather gear by every wile  
That's justified by honour:  
Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
Nor for a train-attendant;  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being independent.'

Time passed on, and still this industrious boy passed along the track which he had marked for his itinerant trade. Often overcome by fatigue, the wish has arisen that he and his load could have been borne on their way by some vehicle; then vague plans for the purchase of a horse and car passed through his mind. It has been said, and probably with truth, that he imparted the wish to one who had befriended him; who proffered the loan necessary to effect his desire—a sum which it was the youth's first care to repay. It so happened that in passing between the towns he would occasionally stop and offer a seat to some weary traveller. Among those who were indebted to his kindness, some were willing and well able to pay for public conveyance had any such existed; and perhaps it may have been thus that offering seats on his car for a moderate fare may have been suggested. He had indeed long reflected on the wants of his adopted country; and nothing had been more strongly impressed upon his mind than the great inconvenience which the public suffered from the utter want of travelling accommodation. In the year 1815, and in the same month—July—in which Mr Anderson had started the first mail-coach, the young adventurer, Charles Bianconi, started his first public car. It ran between Clonmel and Cahir, passing over eight miles of road. How this undertaking prospered may be seen in a statement made by Mr Bianconi himself, at a meeting of the British Association held in Cork, August 19, 1843:—'In July 1815 I started a car for the convenience of passengers from Clonmel to Cahir, which I subsequently extended to Tipperary and Limerick. At the end of the same year I started similar cars from Clonmel to Cashel and Thurles, and from Clonmel to Carrick and Waterford; and I have since extended this establishment, including the most insulated localities—namely, from Longford to Ballina and Belmullet, which is 201 miles north-west of Dublin; from Athlone to Galway and Clifden, 183 miles due west of Dublin; from Limerick to Tralee and Cahirciveen, 233 miles north-west of Dublin; and numbering 100 vehicles, including mail-coaches and different



sized cars, capable of carrying from four to twenty passengers each, and travelling eight or nine miles an hour, at an average fare of one penny-farthing per mile for each passenger, and performing daily 3800 miles, passing through 140 stations for the change of horses, consuming 3000 to 4000 tons of hay, and from 30,000 to 40,000 barrels of oats annually, all of which are purchased in their respective localities.' So rapid was the success of Mr Bianconi's speculation, that before the close of the year in which he had started his first public car, he ran others in various directions, and had contracted for the carriage of several of the mails.

The great advantages of Mr Bianconi's establishment are not confined to the facilities for travelling, though most valuable to all classes on that account. 'The farmer,' Mr Bianconi observes, 'who formerly rode and spent three days in making his market, can now do so in one for a few shillings, thereby saving two clear days and the expense and use of his horse.' But additional benefit is conferred on some of the farmers by the establishment in the remote localities to which its stations extend: they are no longer without the chance of disposing of their crops; for the demand necessary to be supplied for the great number of horses employed has opened a market for some who would otherwise have found considerable difficulty in making sale of the produce of their ground. The employment of a great number of persons in the establishment gives support to many poor families. There are upwards of 100 drivers, and at each of the 140 stations from one to six grooms are engaged, the number of horses amounting to 1400.

In the regulation of this vast establishment good sense and good feeling combine. 'This establishment,' Mr Bianconi tells, 'does not travel on Sundays, unless such portions of it as are in connection with the post-office or canals, for the following reasons:—First, the Irish being a religious people, will not travel on business on Sundays; and secondly, experience teaches me that I can work a horse eight miles per day six days in the week much better than I can six miles for seven days.' The interest which Mr Bianconi takes in the moral conduct of those in his employment must be attended with the greatest benefit, not merely to its immediate objects, but to those who are connected with them. He inculcates the strictest adherence to truth by instantly dismissing any of his men detected in a falsehood. If prompt in punishing the guilty, he is not less earnest in promoting the welfare of the deserving. Those who conduct themselves well are stationed where there is the highest remuneration for their services. The grooms and drivers know that nothing but misconduct can make them forfeit a full pension should they be incapacitated by age or sickness. The interests of the children of those who die are most carefully attended to: they are educated by Mr Bianconi, and afterwards placed in situations in the establishment. The methodical arrangements by which he superintends every branch of his concern are as remarkable as its extent. He inspects every day 124 way-bills; every week he receives a return from each of his stations, setting forth by name the condition of each horse, the quantity of hay and oats consumed, what has been added, and what remains, and an accurate list of the markets and prices. After minute examination and comparison with entries, he returns any in which the slightest error appears for explanation.

The deserved popularity of Mr Bianconi cannot be more fully understood than by the fact of the perfect safety with which his vehicles, many of them carrying the mails, have passed through the most lawless districts in the most disturbed times. There is not an instance on record of one of his conveyances having been stopped, or in anyway molested at any time. The services which he has rendered to the country of which he is now a naturalised citizen cannot be too highly appreciated. That they are deeply felt through all classes of society, is proved by the high respect and

esteem in which he is held. He has been frequently consulted by leading members of the government; he twice filled the office of mayor of Clonmel with great dignity and usefulness; he was offered the representation of that borough in parliament, and four other constituencies sought him as their representative; but he declined these honours from conscientious motives, as he felt that the large establishment which he superintended would prevent his giving sufficient attention to public matters. The duties belonging to the position in which Providence has placed him are never lost sight of. The large fortune which he has realised so honourably could not have fallen into better hands: it affords ample means for the gratification of his benevolent feelings, and for the indulgence of those elegant tastes which seem to belong intuitively to his countrymen. It is thus an intelligent friend writes who lives in Mr Bianconi's neighbourhood, and who has had opportunities of seeing him in his domestic circle:—'He is liberal and charitable, and never forgets a faithful servant; he feels convinced that he owes his prosperity to his having always considered the interest and happiness of his dependents, and his anxiety to accommodate the public for a fair remuneration; his mind is evidently imbued with strong religious feelings and gratitude for his present independence. Mr Bianconi now resides at Longfield, near Cashel, a very handsome modern house, with an extensive demesne; to this is attached a well-circumstanced estate. His energies are directed to the embellishment of his house and demesne, and to promote the interest and happiness of his tenants. He has built some comfortable houses, reduced his rents proportionate to the times, and is encouraging in the most liberal, and at the same time judicious manner, every effort that is made by his tenantry to improve their condition. He has been married about twenty-one years. He has a son and two daughters, to whom he is a fond and indulgent father, and to whom he has given every advantage of education. Mrs Bianconi is very pleasing and agreeable. In the gardens and pleasure-grounds of Longfield are several fine casts taken from the works of celebrated sculptors; and in the house are several valuable paintings by Barry, and of the Titian and Raphael school, and vases of the finest marble by the best Italian sculptors. His library is filled with choice and well-selected books, besides many beautiful engravings and specimens of virtu.' But of all his possessions, it is said that there is none on which he looks with more satisfaction than on the box which he was wont to carry as he traversed the long weary roads, and which he will sometimes show to a guest with an honest pride. Another affecting proof that Mr Bianconi often recurs to the days that are gone by is, the order given to the drivers of his cars to be sure, when there is room, to offer a seat to any weary traveller they may chance to meet, preferring such as carry a pack, or a woman with a child in her arms.

Since the opening of the Great Southern and Western Railway the number of Mr Bianconi's cars has diminished and his profits decreased; but from an earnest desire to continue employment to those who have served him faithfully, he anxiously seeks out new lines for his establishment. The works on the Great Southern and Western Railway commenced in the year 1845; the line was opened from Dublin to Cork by the lord-lieutenant on the 18th, and for passengers and traffic on the 29th of October 1849. Its extent is 188 miles, passing through seven counties, and having thirty intermediate stations. Great part of its way lies through the richest land in Ireland. From the form of the ground, the works from Buttevant to Cork, a distance of thirty miles, were the most laborious and important ever attempted in Ireland. They excited the surprise of the lord-lieutenant, who spoke in terms of great admiration of 'the stupendous embankments and magnificent viaducts.' The first viaduct over which he passed was close to Mallow, twenty miles from Cork: it crosses the Black Water, whose banks present a scene of woodland

beauty which can scarcely be surpassed; the length is 520 feet, comprising ten arches; its height 60 feet. Seventeen miles further, the second viaduct crosses the picturesque glen of Monard; its length is 560 feet, comprising seven arches; its height 90 feet. A mile and a-half further, the noble viaduct of Kilnap, with its eight arches, meets the view; its height is 90, and its length 420 feet. The adjacent country, with its green pasture-lands, its corn-fields, and wooded nooks, has a most beautiful effect as seen through the arches of these viaducts. A tunnel is being bored near the ground allotted for a permanent station-house in Cork; its length, when finished, will be about three-quarters of a mile; but as it has to be cut through solid rock, that part of the work will not be completed for some time. The journey between the cities, which once occupied six days, is now accomplished in seven hours, including all stoppages, the locomotives moving at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour; by special train it has been performed in four hours and a-half. To those who remember the six days' tedious journey between the cities, this speed appears miraculous. Those who formerly could afford neither time nor expense to go to see their friends, or to visit the metropolis, can now indulge themselves by merely taking a pleasant morning drive, and at the most moderate expense, as the fare for each passenger per mile only amounts to 2d. for the first-class, 1½d. for the second-class, and 1d. for the third-class carriage.

The advantages of this new style of travelling are so universally felt and acknowledged that they need no discussion. In Ireland it is more especially a national blessing, where the development of natural resources, enterprise, and agricultural advancement, so eminently requires a helping hand. Already the traffic on this great line is considerable, and it is increasing every day. We must remember, too, that these works were going on when the land was wasted by famine and disease, and that four thousand labourers have been employed on them at a time, earning thereby support for themselves and families, who would otherwise have been utterly destitute.

#### BURSTING OF WATER-PIPES WITH FROST.

A paper on this subject, read at the Mechanical Section of the British Association by Mr Alexander Macpherson of Leith, F.R.S.S.A., appears to us so interesting, and promises to prove so useful in preventing this very inconvenient and destructive occurrence, that we subjoin a brief analysis.—The various unsuccessful means that have been tried to prevent the action of frost on water-pipes are fully described: such as exterior protections of non-conducting materials, charcoal, rope-yarn, straw, &c. and the more generally recommended mode of circulating the water through the pipes by means of partially opening the cock at the sink. This latter, although beneficial in preserving the supply-pipes, is disadvantageous in its freezing, and consequently obstructing, the soil-pipes and drains, and is very often, as in New York, prohibited by the municipal authorities. The only really practical means of preventing the pipes from bursting is simply to *keep them empty* in time of frost; and the means at present of effecting this is to place two cocks on a low part of the supply-pipe, and by the one to shut off the water, and by the other to empty the pipes. But to render this plan of any avail, great watchfulness is necessary; and the consequence is, that even where the cocks exist they are rarely used in time. Reasoning on this, Mr Macpherson goes on to say, 'I have conceived the possibility of employing some self-acting apparatus, which, on the approach of a low degree of temperature, would of itself shut off the water and empty the pipes; or, in other words, of having a machine so constructed and regulated that it would shut a cock before the freezing-point of water 32 degrees, and open it when the temperature assumed its normal state.' This requisite motive power was first considered attainable by mercury confined in a bulbous glass vessel, acting as a barometer, with the difference of having a cylinder and piston. The next was suggested to Mr Macpherson by Sir David Brewster, and consisted of employing the expansion of

metallic rods, on the principle of the pyrometer. But his ingenious experiments led him to the result, that the freezing of pipes depends on their capacity for conducting heat. Thus copper, as a conductor, is to lead as 5 to 1; and therefore a determinate quantity of pure distilled water, confined in a copper tube, was invariably frozen before that in the lead. The expansion (about one-ninth) consequent on its crystallisation is applied, by a simple mechanical arrangement, to elevate a piston and shut a cock while the water in the lead pipes is still fluid. The paper concludes by the following not inappropriate description of the idea:—'I have thus endeavoured to point out and substantiate a principle, that supplies a desideratum long and universally acknowledged, and which may be described in a word, as the somewhat novel but simple application of the expansive force of one body of water while freezing, to counteract the destructive consequences which are the ordinary characteristics of another.'

#### THE TALISMAN.

AWAY with gems and ornaments, and braidings of the hair, Bright roses and the rainbow tints are for the young and fair: The sombre foldings of my robe no glittering clasp confines, Yet hidden, resting on my breast, a golden emblem shines. I clasp it close this talisman, that ne'er was clasped in vain To calm the heart's tumultuous throbs of anguish and of pain.

My pilgrimage on earth may be perchance through devious ways, Where joyous sunshine scattereth but dim and transient rays; And wearied with the journey, in impatience or in pride, I often wish the pathway was a choice one and a wide, And lightly clasp the talisman, that ne'er was clasped in vain To calm the heart's tumultuous throbs of anguish and of pain.

I shield my precious treasure well from foolish scoffers' eyes, Its costliness they fathom not, its purity despise; Yet hath it wondrous healing power to warm, and soothe, and bless,

When chilling blasts strike cold and drear amid the wilderness. Then clasp it close this talisman, that ne'er was clasped in vain To calm the heart's tumultuous throbs of anguish and of pain.

With supplicative lowly plaints, each day at morn and even, When guardian angels hover nigh to waft each sigh to Heaven; Oh raise this hallowed emblem high, which, fragile as it seems, Mysteriously overshadoweth with bright and awful gleams! Say, need I name the talisman? 'Tis known from shore to shore: Close, closer clasp the priceless cross—the crucified adore!

C. A. M. W.

#### THE WEDDERSTONE.

The Wedderstone stands in a field near the village of Catton, in Allendale. Tradition states that several years ago a notorious sheep-stealer infested this part of the county of Northumberland, who, it appears, was the terror of the whole of the neighbouring farmers: in the first place, because he appeared to be a good judge of mutton, from the fact of his taking the choice animal of the flock; and in the second place, that although he had paid a visit to every sheepfold for several miles around, and to many where a strict watch was kept, he remained unsuspected; neither was there the slightest suspicion as to who the thief might be. At length, however, the invisible became visible. It appears that his method of carrying off his booty was to tie the four legs of the animal together, and then, by putting his head through the space between the feet and body, thus carry it away on his shoulders. On his last visit to his neighbour's flock, the animal which he had selected for his week's provision being heavy, he stopped to rest himself, and placed his burthen upon the top of a small stone column (without taking it off his shoulders), when the animal, becoming suddenly restive, commenced struggling, and slipped off the stone on the opposite side. Its weight being thus suddenly drawn down round his neck, the poor wretch was unable to extricate himself, and was found on the following morning quite dead; his victim thus proving his executioner.—*Literary Gazette.*

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